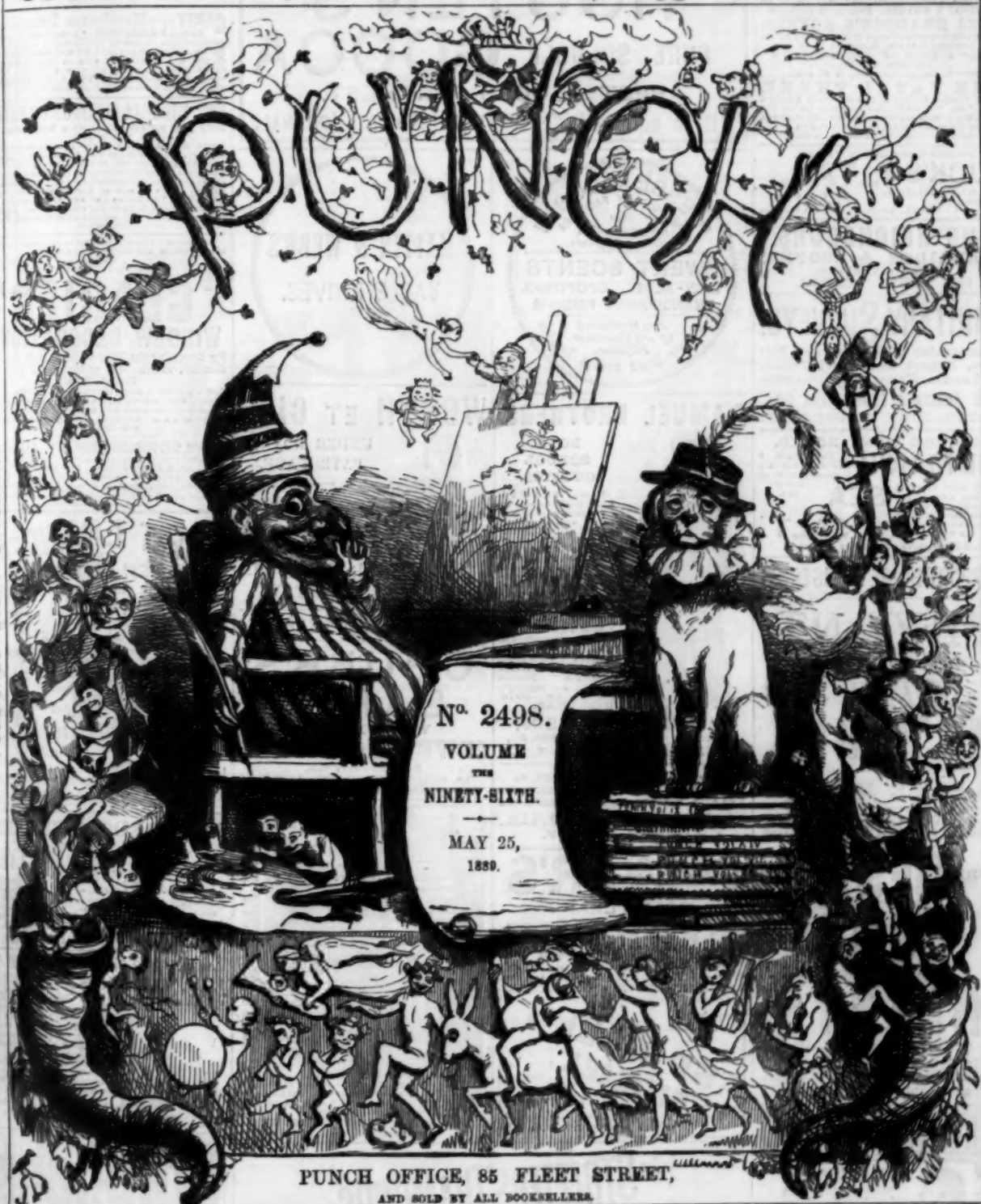


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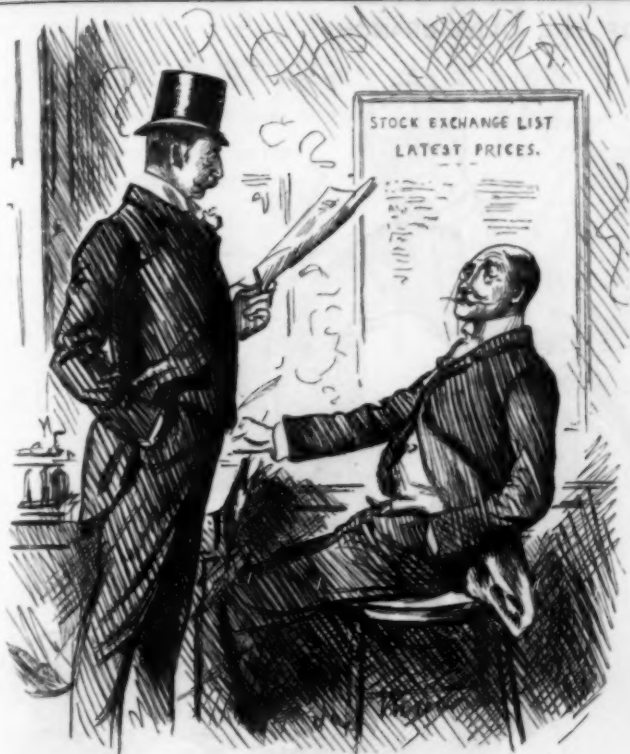
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Second S. E. M. "YES, A DEAL TOO MUCH. LOOK HERE. BET YOU SIX TO FOUR THEY GET OFF!" First S. E. M. "DONE, WITH YOU!"

## INFANT ROSCII.

BRATO, HENRICUS IRVINGUS et AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS COUNTI-COUNCIL-ARIUS, *homo mirabilis*! Excellent speeches you both made on behalf of the employment of the little bread-winning children in theatres. On the boards is the best Board-school for them. You are quite right, Gentlemen, in saying that the objections to such employment are brought by a number of prejudiced, narrow-minded, well-intentioned persons, who know little or nothing about the matter, and do not take the trouble to learn the facts. Why couldn't the Not-at-Home Secretary have been "At-Home" on this occasion, of which he must surely have had due notice?

Mr. Punch sincerely congratulates Messrs. IRVINGUS and DRURIOLANUS, and their Associates, on this first step in a just cause, and looks forward to the day when good Mrs. FAWCETT and her party will start a Model Theatrical Infant-School Company, to provide education and supervision for the future Roscii, to be entitled "The Fawcett and Katti Lanner Co. (Limited)." But as to urging on Government to any unnecessary interference, Mr. Punch's advice to the excellent lady leader of the crusade is, "Don't Force it!"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MARK TWAIN'S *Scrap Book*, issued by WALKER & Co., is worth more than its price if only for MARK TWAIN'S recommendation of it. He invented it, he says, to lessen the profanity of his unhappy country, as every possessor of a scrap-book was accustomed to swear horribly, like our army in Flanders, whenever he or she couldn't find the paste, or scissors, or gum. Here no gum or paste is required, so that even "by gum!" is unnecessary. It doesn't obviate the use of scissors, though, nor of some method of damping, with an accent on the first syllable, as ARTHUR ROBERTS would say when he found he couldn't fix the scraps; and so, coupled with the publisher's name, there is a good deal of Walker about it. A varied volume is that by Mr. F. A. KNIGHT, entitled *By Leafy Ways*. The writer, who is a student in the school of the late RICHARD JEFFERIES, here collects two dozen or more papers which first appeared in the *Daily News*. We cannot but feel grateful to him for having rescued them and giving them a more permanent position than they could attain in the columns of a popular newspaper. It is cleverly illustrated by Mr. E. T. COMPTON.

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THE following example will not be found above the heads of an average audience, while it is constructed to suit the capacities of almost any lady artiste.

## SO SHY!

The singer should, if possible, be of mature age, and incline to a comfortable embonpoint. As soon as the bell has given the signal for the orchestra to attack the prelude, she will step upon the stage with that air of being hung on wires, which seems to come from a consciousness of being a favourite of the public.

I'm a dynety little Dysy of the Dingle,

[Self-praise is a great recommendation—in Music-Hall songs.

So retiring and so timid and so coy.

If you ask me why so long I have lived single,

I will tell you—'tis because I am so shy.

[Note the skill with which the rhyme is adapted to meet Arcadian peculiarities of pronunciation.

Spoken—Yes, I am—really, though you wouldn't think it to look at me, would you? But, for all that,—

Chorus—When I'm spoken to, I wriggle,

Going off into a giggle,

And as red as any peony I blush;

Then turn paler than a lily,

For I'm such a little silly,

That I'm always in a flutter or a flush!

[After each chorus an elaborate step-dance, expressive of shrinking maidenly modesty.

I've a cottage far away from other houses,

Which the nybours hardly ever come anough;

When they do, I run and hoide among the rouses,

For I cannot cure myself of being shy.

Spoken—A great girl like me, too! But there, it's no use trying, for—

Chorus—When I'm spoken to, I wriggle, &c.

Well, the other day I felt my flee was crimson,

Though I stood and fixed my gyze upon the skoy,

For at the gyte was sorcey CHORLEY SIMPSON,

And the sight of him's enough to turn me shy.

Spoken—It's singular, but CHORLEY always has that effect on me.

Chorus—When he speaks to me, I wriggle, &c.

Then said CHORLEY: "My pursuit there's no evyding.

Now I've caught you, I insist on a replay.

Do you love me? Tell me truly, little myding!"

But how is a girl to answer when she's shy?

Spoken—For even if the conversation happens to be about nothing particular, it's just the same to me.

Chorus—When I'm spoken to, I wriggle, &c.

There we stood among the loilae and syringas,

More sweet than any Ess. Bouquet you boy;

[Arcadian for "buy."

And CHORLEY kept on squeezing of my fingers,

And I couldn't tell him not to, being shy.

Spoken—For, as I told you before,—

Chorus—When I'm spoken to, I wriggle, &c.

Soon my slender wyste he ventured on embrycing,

While I only heaved a gentle little soy;

Though a scream I would have liked to rise my vice in,

It's so difficult to scream when you are shy!

Spoken—People have such different ways of listening to proposals. As for me,—

Chorus—When they talk of love, I wriggle, &c.

So very soon to Church we shall be gowing,

While the bells ring out a merry peal of jy.

If obedience you do not hear me vowing,

It will only be because I am so shy.

[We have brought the rhyme off legitimately at last, it will be observed.

Spoken—Yes, and when I'm passing down the oil, on CHORLEY'S arm, with everybody looking at me,—

Chorus—I am certain I shall wriggle,

And go off into a giggle,

And as red as any peony I'll blush.

Going through the marriage service

Will be sure to make me nervous,

[Note the freedom of the rhyme.

And to put me in a flutter and a flush!

## THE OFFER OF THE OLIVE-BRANCH.



"My suggestion that recourse should be had to arbitration, as a means of settling the questions now in dispute between landlords and tenants on a number of estates in Ireland. I have, I must say, almost abandoned hope of my suggestion being adopted by the landlords and their advisers. My effort in the cause of peace has been strongly sustained by those newspapers—such, for instance, as the *Freeman's Journal* and *United Ireland*—which are universally recognised as exponents and advocates of the tenants' claims."—*Archbishop Walsh's Letter to "The Times."*

Is it a time when aught should bid to cease  
One honest effort in the cause of Peace?  
Is it an hour when journalistic scorn,  
Or Party anger should make more forlorn

The fainting hope of the peacemaker? Nay!  
Dissension here has had too long a day;  
Hate's hideous harvest only never fails.  
The scribe who sneers, the partizan who rails,  
Help *that*, not Law and Order—the glib cry  
Of pedants sour who mock at amity.  
Who knows the history? Who will stoop to learn?

Let shallow spouters sedulously turn  
The leaves of Ireland's story, and shake off  
That fatal readiness to rage and scoff  
At acts ungauged, and men misunderstood,  
Which checks the growth of all the seeds of good.

Between long raging foes, both hot and blind,  
Whom law iniquitous and chance unkind

Conjoined, have alienated, seems to stand,  
With friendly mien, and olive-branch in hand,  
A messenger of peace. Is it not time  
That stern constraint and fiercely furtive crime,  
So long resultlessly opposed should cease  
To have the field between them? "Is it peace?"

Suspicion cries, "or some new shape of guile  
Intent to plague this faction-harried Isle?"  
So sneers the squint-eyed spirit which inspires  
Our rival thoughts and fans our mutual ire.  
Is here no opening, if not quite for trust  
Entire, for patient trial? Ah! be just

But calmly, carefully considerate too!  
While there's one chance that mild-faced  
Peace may woo  
That angry peasant and that landlord stern  
To drop their weapons, snatched in wrath,  
and turn  
Toward the olive-branch, let those who'd  
cope  
With hate by justice not abandon hope!

### COUNTY-COUNCILDOM.

(From the Note-Book of Mr. Punch's Young Man.)

May 14.—The "Mister of ROSEBURY" (this is an adaptation of a Scotch title to metropolitan requirements) is in the chair, and ready to begin (with the assistance of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK and the gentleman who has accepted "hundreds," after obtaining thousands) at the stroke of three. There is a pretty full attendance. A good start is made with the *Agenda* until the composition of "the Parks Committee" is reached. "How shall the new members be elected?" The Mister of ROSEBURY lets it be understood that he doesn't mind "how," so long as subsequently he hears no more about it. "It" standing of course for composition, and not committee. No doubt the Mister is afraid of some one again suggesting that he should superintend the sale of nuts, oranges, and ginger-beer. An hour or so is then spent in pleasant, if not very instructive chatter, and then lists are ordered to be made out, and handed in. When they are collected, a little later, the papers of Councillor FORSTER, Barrister TORR, and last, but not least, Great Military Commander HOWARD VINCENT, are found to be imperfect. The Mister of ROSEBURY quite chuckles over the fact that three such highly distinguished and intellectual persons should be guilty of an informality.

Then comes the report of the Finance Committee; and it is a relief to some of us to find that its highly respected chairman, Lord LINGEN, is seemingly entirely unconnected with the recent proceedings in connection with the Park Club. As I gaze at him, portfolio in hand, murmuring soft somethings about figures, I feel certain that he shuns *baccarat* as the plague. His explanation (whatever it is) seemingly satisfies every one, save that unbloated aristocrat Earl COMPTON, who, not hearing every word of the fiery eloquence of the noble Lord, occasionally ejaculates "Speak up!"

The customary orators by this time are well to the fore. The Refreshment Contractor from the Law Courts expands in his usual fashion, and then takes some interest in a speech from Mr. BASSETT HOPKINS, possibly because it contains reference to "the Legislature," which latter word, as pronounced, sounds as if it were an *entremet* in the menu of a City dinner. Alderman *The Ghost of Hamlet's Father* (as I really must call him) opposes the retention of an open space (so I understand him) because it may be utilised to enlarge a chapel. This brings up a gentleman in a red tie (his face seems familiar to me, but I cannot say where I have seen him before), who expresses his wish to support the reverend Councillor in carrying out so admirable an object. Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, however, prefers open air to chapel-going in the locality in question (a very squalid one), and says so.

Then we have a long discussion about engineers and doctors. It appears that we have to appoint a chief engineer, and we are greatly exercised in our minds as to whether the coming official shall be allowed (when chosen) to take pupils. This matter is discussed with much earnestness, provoking loud cries of



### WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE AWFULLY FUNNY ONE) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Brown. "I SAY—LOOK HERE! WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU MEAN BY CARICATUREING MY PICTURE—HAY?" Jones. "YES—CONFOUND YOU!—AND NOT CARICATUREING MINE!"

"Hear, hear!" from a part of the Council, and "'ear, 'ear!" from the remainder. On the whole, I fancy the "hear, hears" are in the majority. As £1500 is the sum proposed as salary, I am not surprised to find the silvery-tongued BURNS suggesting a reduction of £500. It is always a pleasure to listen to the agreeable voice of this patriot, even when he has nothing particular to say as on the present occasion. Next we choose a Medical Officer of Health, and note, *en passant* that Mr. CLARKE (who is a real live Common Councillor of the City of London) is "guided by the personal appearance of a man as much as by anything else," a remark causing the reflection that he must be delighted when he gazes into a looking-glass. And after our doctor is chosen (after three attempts) we come perhaps to the most exciting incident in the afternoon's entertainment.

During the sitting Miss Alderspinster COXS and Miss COBDEN have been holding quite a little court at which, amongst others, Alderman *The Ghost of Hamlet's Father* has been (so I have noticed) in constant attendance. I find that we are now called upon to consider Mr. FLEMING WILLIAMS' motion for a deputation to the President of the Local Government Board to urge upon the attention of that Right Hon. and greatly favoured Gentleman, the thirst that the London County Council undoubtedly have for the charms of female society. Miss COBDEN, convulses us with laughter, as she asks whether the Chairman, Vice-Chairman, or Deputy-Chairman would undertake the arduous duties of visiting twenty-three baby-farms, *viz* Lady SANDHURST disqualified? Some of us (I think the "'ear, 'ears") would like to add this pleasant little exercise to the daily routine of the self-sacrificing (but £2000 a-year-receiving) BOTTOMLEY, but no one ventures to make the proposal. Then, after a forcible but courteous protest from a man of mark, or rather marks, the ladies carry the day by a majority of 26, and we go home after four hours of hard talking (and harder listening) with what appetite we may, to dinner.

And now, having sufficiently "sampled" the proceedings of the London County Council, I close my note-book—for the present.

### Up! Up!

THAT great work of Highest possible Art, *La Tour Eiffel*, is the tall attraction in Paris. Eiffel-tower first, Exhibition second. They are all Eiffel mad. "Tall writin'," instead of being termed "high-fallutin'," is now "Eiffelutin'." A *gamin de Paris* who sees a tall lady cries out, "Tiens! Madame EIFFEL!" The *Figaro* records that a high note touched by Miss SYRIL SAUNDERSON, the new soprano, was immediately recorded as "*la note Eiffel de l'Opéra Comique*." *La Tour Eiffel* gives the tone to everything. The Parisians are holding their heads high; the hotel-keepers and shop-keepers are all highly delighted, because the prices are Eiffel-prices; that is, about as high as they can be.



## ODE TO FOUR O'CLOCK.

*A Drydenish Dithyrambic of the Special Commission. In the form of a Trio.*

*Vocalists—Sir J-M-S H-H-N-N, Mr. J-ST-E D-Y, and Mr. J-ST-E A. L. SM-TH.*

*["The Court adjourned at Four o'clock."—Diurnal announcement.]*

O BLESSED FOUR o'clock!  
Thine advent makes e'en Rhad-  
manthus gay,  
And Eacus (or D-Y)  
With Minos SM-TH seem half  
inclined to play  
At leap-frog, which might  
shock  
Wigged W-NST-E's more than  
Cancellarian dignity.  
Our benison upon the sweet be-  
nignity  
Of him, the something slow but  
sure saythe-bearer!  
Oh! if the wearer  
Of horse-hair and of ermine  
Might but determine  
The pace of Kronos daily round  
the dial  
Upon this dread interminable trial,  
Old Edax Rerum  
(Who is not bound to hear 'em,  
These wrangling counsel and witnesses ramb-  
ling),  
Would have a pace less like a park-hack's  
ambling.

From harmony, from party-harmony  
This never-ending bore began,  
Where Justice underneath a heap  
Of jarring questions lies,  
And cannot heave her head.  
We Three feel well-nigh dead.  
Cold cynic questions, and quick hot replies  
From R-D and R-S-L-L leap,  
And scarce our power obey.  
From harmony, from party-harmony,  
This lengthy little game began,  
From S-L-SB-RY's and G-SCH-N's harmony,  
And that of those Dissentients who ran  
First from the follies of the Grand Old Man.

What passion cannot Eloquence raise and  
quell?  
When R-S-L-L perorated well,  
His listening "brothers" sat around,  
And wonder on their faces fell  
Whilst hanging on the silvery sound.  
Less than an Oracle there scarce could dwell  
In guise of that snuff-taking, legal swell,



Who spake so sweetly and so well.  
What passion cannot Eloquence raise and  
quell?

But Counsel's harsh clangor  
Less certainly charms,  
With shrill notes of anger,  
And pride up in arms,  
The double, double, double boat  
Of the hammering fist.

Wake tired ill-temper 'tis hard to resist  
When nailed many hours to our seat.

P-GG-RR led W-NST-E a wild-geese chase,  
And nigh the Thunderer lost its place  
Sequacious of that liar;  
But lingering weeks of squabbling sadly tire,  
Oh, why to Law was wind so lengthy given,  
Making our trine judgment-seat appear—  
Well—certainly not heaven?

## Grand Chorus.

Therefore We Three thankfully praise  
The clock-hands as they move,  
And for the hour of Four we raise  
Our hands in thanks above.  
Oh, dearest, most desired hour!  
Thou bald-head who dost all devour,  
Grateful we are when thou dost knock  
Upon our tympanums with pleasant shock,  
And bring us once again thrice welcome Four  
o'clock!

## MOST APPROPRIATE.

NOTHING more natural than that the Lyric Club should branch out into the Lyric Cricket Club, a difficult combination of words to pronounce five times rapidly. The chief amusements at the Lyric commence about midnight, and finish about 3 A.M., when the hours are "small and early," during which time the Lyric Members are as lively as Crickets chirruping on the hearth. It was therefore almost unnecessary to add "Cricket" to "Lyric," but why not drop "Lyric" altogether? Let the Lyric Theatre enjoy the title all to itself, and let the Lyric Members call themselves "The Cricket Club." *Happy Thought.*—Excellent name for an Up-all-night Club, "The Crickets." Why on Hearth hasn't this been thought of before? Perhaps it has, and we didn't know of it. Very likely.

## The Coming County Councillors.

WHEN lovely Woman's made a C. C.,  
And finds, too late, that Acts betray,  
What is her tip? To take it easy,  
And—try again another day!  
The L. G. Act, it seems, won't qualify  
"Women" to sit as (and on) "men."  
But man-made law the Sex will mollify,  
And won't she "let us have it" then!

## Correspondence.

SIR,—I see the Bishops have been denounc-  
ing gambling. Is it on this account that  
the Bishop of LINCOLN is had up before the  
Archbishop, or only for some private specu-  
lations? I confess to being a little mixed,  
and only want to know.  
Yours, MAX MUDDLER.

HYMEN HYMENES!—Last Thursday Miss  
HOPE GLENN married Mr. HEARD, and that  
afternoon one handsome mezzo soprano,  
although so justly popular at all recent con-  
certs and musical festivals, was Heard for  
the first time. Fortunate HEARD, not one of  
the common herd.

NEAR ENOUGH—FOR HER.—The conversa-  
tion turned on the FIRST NAPOLEON. "I can't  
remember who his great Minister was," ob-  
served Mrs. RAM; "but I know it was a  
name suggestive of fox-hunting. Ah! I  
recollect—it was TALLYHO!"

## PARKS NOBISCUM.

MR. PUNCH is glad to see that, in the *Daily Telegraph*, "E. L." has  
once more opened up the old subject of Park Improvement. *Mr.*  
*Punch* has been harping on much the same string year after year.



Why not kiosques for light refresh-  
ment? No necessity for Mr. PLUNKET,  
or GEORGE RANGER, or Mr. ROSEBERRY,  
if the L. C. C. has got anything to do  
with it, to personally superintend the  
sale of apples, oranges, ginger-beer,  
cakes and ices. Why not a superior  
restaurant for cold lunches? We don't  
want to take the trees and shrubs from  
the Bois de Boulogne, having got some  
very fine ones of our own, but we  
might take a few leaves out of the  
French book. And, beyond this, why  
not consider Equestrians as well as Pe-  
destrians, and give a ride across the  
Park, and another through the beau-  
tiful shady avenues of Kensington  
Gardens? Was there ever such a  
monotonous squirrel-in-the-cage arrangement as "Rotten Row" and  
its contributories now? And what is there for Equestrians in Re-  
gent's Park? A wretched strip not worth mentioning. As to the  
"ride"—Heaven save the mark!—in Birdcage Walk,—a "ride" in  
a "Walk" may be considered a concession,—instead of being a delight-

ful avenue for a canter, it is occupied by loafing roughs, small chil-  
dren, and mischievous *gamins de Londres*, who make riding dan-  
gerous to man, beast, and child. Are there no park-keepers or police  
to keep this place in order, and prevent its being a lounge for  
obstructive loafers and a playground for little imps who are a terror  
to those who (do or don't) ride well.

*Mr. Punch* addresses himself respectfully to "Mr." ROSEBERRY (if  
necessary) to the courteous and common-sensible Mr. PLUNKET, and  
to the gallant RANGER GEORGE, and begs E. L. and the *Daily*  
*Telegraph* to go on and hammer, hammer, hammer away in season  
and out of season, but especially now when it's in season.

## REGINA AD ETONAM.

CARISSIME DOMINE PUNCHIUS,—REGINA nostra venit hic alteram  
diem Saturnidum ultimam deponere lapidem corneram novarum sedi-  
ficarum scholaricarum, quid illa sua MAJESTAS Graciosa fecit digni-  
tate multa, et nos omnes omnibus nostris cordibus illam cheeravimus.  
Visus grandis situs atque bonus, et magna dies Etonensibus. Cum  
cantat VIRGILIUS, puto, "Incedit REGINA." Sic illa fecit. Nullum  
plus nunc in presenti, sed mitte mihi unum quid pro quod scripsi.  
Hurridus sum ad catehere postam.

Vester veritabiliter, "PUER ASCANIUS."

CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.—The son of DICKENS is shining  
brightly. His pathetic tone is good, but his evident appreciation of  
his father's humour is irresistible with an audience which prefers  
laughing to crying. It ought to be a successful series.

## PIECES WITH HONOURS.

THE funniest thing in the Opera of *Paul Jones* is the back view of Mr. ASHLEY, whose cloak might be utilised for advertising purposes. The music is pleasant, but, at a first visit, not striking; yet this fact may account for its great success, and for the big houses it attracts,



A Reminiscence of "Ashley's."

as every one not caring much for it on once hearing it, but favourably impressed by the acting and the brilliant *mise-en-scène*, would decide to go and hear it again. Once an air "catches on," the fortune of an Opera is made. I should say that *Paul Jones's* fortune has been chiefly made by Miss HUNTINGDON, who is a most refined and unconventional representative of the usual "boy," with whose pert characteristics a long course of extravaganza, burlesque, and *opéra bouffe* has rendered us so familiar. The female portion of the audience at the Prince of Wales's come away Huntingdonians, every one of them. The two comic sailors, Messrs. MONKHOUSE and ALBERT JAMES, work their

hardest to keep the game alive, and in the Third Act the indefatigable exertions of the undefeated Mr. FRANK WYATT are generously rewarded by an appreciative public. Mr. STANISLAUS, whose name recalls the time when "The Fair Land of Poland," &c., wielded the *bâton* with as much vigour as if he were thrashing a Russian oppressor of his country, instead of only beating time. To Miss WADMAN, the Great-grand Nephew of *Uncle Toby* sends his respectful compliments, and thanks her for her singing, but wishes she would not sing in her speaking, and give us a little more acting.

"Phyllis (Broughton) is my only joy," of course, and I never saw her throw so much spirit into a part. As *Chopinette*, she showed the unfortunate *Bonillabaisse* what she could do with a husband if she once caught him. There are no great dramatic situations in *Paul Jones*, but some good effects. M. PLANQUETTE's *Les Cloches* is still without a rival, and *Paul Jones* is miles behind *Rip Van Winkle*. How good LESLIE was in that, and how little he has ever done since, except to Arthur-Robertise himself.



J. L. Toole escaping from the Police.

Mr. J. L. TOOLE, of the Tooleries, is a clever advertiser. It is whispered that he put the police up to making their sudden swoop on "the Spooferies" in Maiden Lane and the Park Club farther West, so that their raid should be just in the nick of time (doors open at 7:30—"8 is the 'nick'" for displaying his hand of *Artful Cards*. Very artful. In this his trump is a trombone, and the honours, in which all share, are easy; but for especial commendation I must mention Miss KATE PHILLIPS, who makes quite a character of the sham Countess, *Madame Asteriski*.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

## MUSICAL NOTES.



"The Shinner Quartette."



Uncles, Cousins, and Aunts.

## "MODUS OPERANDI."

A GREAT night, a brilliant spectacle on and off the stage. The Organising Committee on the alert. Lord CHARLES, not in the least at sea, is ready to dance a hornpipe at a moment's notice in case the *première danseuse* should disappoint them at the last moment; all the committee-men, animated by Lord CHARLES's true British tar spirit "stand by," ready, aye ready to bear a hand, or a couple of hands if need be, and render evening suit and service if called



The King Fisher for Operatic Pearls; or, "The Diversions of Pearly."

upon by AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS COUNTI-COUNCILARIUS, who is at the helm of the operatic ship. Should one of the operatic ship's carpenters, known to the uninitiated as "scene-shifters," be wanting, Earl DE GREY says he will not feel himself degraded by tucking up his shirt-sleeves and nailing the colours to the mast.

"This by his voice should be O. Montagu," as SHAKESPEARE observes, and here he is willing to "give a hand," as requested by Capulet, in *Romeo and Juliet*. Sharp chap, SHAKESPEARE. HENRY CHAPLIN, M.P., is at the Box Office ready to give two and fivepence halfpenny and three-eighths of a farthing in change for half-a-crown, just to show the gain which will accrue to the management of Covent Garden by adopting bimetallicism. H. V. HIGGINS explains to the three Princesses in the royal box the thrilling story of *I Pescatori di Perle*. HIDALGO DE MURIETTA expresses his willingness to assume a picturesque costume and go on as a brigand if required, while Mr. OFFENHEIM hums Signor D'ANDRADE's music, and holds himself in readiness to take his place in case of any *contretemps*. The National Anthem, by the majority of the Company, brings us all to attention, and reminds us of the first night of the Drury Lane Pantomime. After this, the curtain rises on the Act the First of *I Pescatori di Perle*, composed by the Busy BEE. DRURIOLANUS, as the *Pêcheur-en-chef de Perles*, has been fishing with success. Miss ELLA RUSSELL, Miss MACINTYRE, Madame SCALCHI, and MARIE ROZE being the net result. What has become of that pretty Norwegian ARNOLDSEN, who sang *Zerlina* so charmingly at Drury Lane?

The pearls worn by ELLA RUSSELL, who was perpetually being veiled and unveiled like a statue, were thrown before this distinguished and appreciative audience. Miss ELLA looked and sang splendidly. Signor D'ANDRADE—an Irishman Italianised, of course, his real name being evidently Mither DAN DRARDY—did his very best. Signor TALAZAC filled a considerable portion of the stage, but I doubt whether his voice reached to the uttermost parts of the house. The chorus, and the orchestra personally conducted by Signor MANCINELLI, were perfect; so was the *mise-en-scène*. The last scene delighted all the cremationists present, and showed how very easy it is "to make a pile" on the Operatic stage. A misprint in the book of the words gave DAN DRARDY's character to TALAZAC, and *vice versa*, which was rather hard on both of them. The First Act is the best, and the duet with which it closes scored the success of the evening.

LUCKY FIFTH! To get £2000 a-year from the L. C. C! If he also accepts the Chiltern Hundreds, will he give them to a charity?



### ÆSTHETICS.

*Daughter of the House.* "BY THE WAY, MR. SMITH, MAY I HAVE YOUR KIND PERMISSION TO TAKE THIS OFF THE CABINET, AND PUT IT INSIDE! THE MODERN MASCULINE HAT IS SUCH A DEPLORABLY HIDEOUS OBJECT!"

### "POOR LITTLE BILL!"

Master WILLIAM SMITH, *leguiter*:—

WELL, of all the orkud, limpity lumpity babbies as ever did bother a nuss, I do declare that this kid of yours is the heaviest, 'ENERY. *Couldn't* be wuss. It flops in the head, and it drags on the arms, and it doubles up in the middle like fun. Now don't stand howling there, 'ENERY, *don't*, but up and tell us wot's to be done. I never did like the looks of it, drat it! it never wasn't a promising kid, But you *sees* so sweet on it; said you would carry it easy, 'ENERY, you know you did; And now where are we? A regular fix, and the way out of it I don't quite see, And there you stands a blubbering 'ENERY, a-leaving the beast of a baby to me. Kids of this stock ain't healthy, 'ENERY; you never rears 'em do what you will, Which young Fair-Trade was a blighted babe, and it's just the same with this Little Bill. Look at him, limp and lumpy, 'ENERY, weak in the back, and with weepy eyes; Nobody loves him, and none will nuss him; all hates a hinfant as flops and cries. Bother that blessed old Mother Purtection! Her brats are always such rickety imps. Oh, wot's the use of denying the parentage? It's only she as brings forth such shrimps. Got us to nuss it, you in particular, that is the wust of it, 'ENERY, dear. Artful old image, she's done us neatly; and you're fair flummoxed, and I feels queer.

"Such a *sweet* child, with a temper like sugar, healthy, too, and costs little to keep!"

That's how the bad old baggage beguiled us; and now it is sick, and does nothing but weep.

Sugar, indeed! Wich Wirgin Winegar's much more like it, and not molasses. And as for cheap? Oh, 'ENERY! 'ENERY! we wants to nobble the working classes. And nussing up such rickety babbies as this won't do it, I sadly fear.

It will cost no end for pay and peppermint; in that sense only the baby's *dear*.

"Dear little thing!" says you a snivelling.

I only wish—but that's far too good—As you could gobble it up on the quiet, as t'other Wolf did Red Riding Hood!

Can't farm it out to some Mrs. BROWNROG, I s'pose? No, 'ENERY, no such luck!

We've got it on our hands, for certain; and you stand helpless, and I'm fair stuck.

Begin to sympathise with HEROD, and think them Spartans were not far wrong.

Oh, 'ENERY, 'ENERY! you as told me that Little Bill was so sweet and strong!

Wot *are* we going to do with it, 'ENERY? Wish you wouldn't stand bellowing there.

I am a reglar Pill Garlic, I am; 'pon my honour it isn't fair,

If we gave it an over-dose of "cordial," and sent it into a lasting sleep,

Why, *there's the body* to be disposed of, and it's a thing as we cannot keep.

Happy thought! Oh, 'ENERY, 'ENERY! here's a well in a 'andy spot,

Like what *Lady Audley* dropped her husband down, and I tell you wot,

I'm tired out, and you ain't no use, and there's a nobody looking; wot do you think?

Just a step, a slip, a stumble, close by the well—on the very brink?

When Johnny Green found the cat a nuisance, why, into the well he was prompt to pop it.

Murder poor Little Bill? Why, no; but we cannot carry it, so *let's drop it!*

AN EMPRESS'S MASSAGER.—Dr. METZGER, the celebrated doctor whose remedy is the Massage for everything, has taken the Empress of AUSTRIA under his care, and she is recovering her strength and health. The *Observer* recently said of him that the Doctor is so thorough-going a Republican that he wouldn't cross the street for a Sovereign. Nor would our courtliest London doctor; but he would for a guinea. If METZGER succeeds, all the Crowned Heads of Europe will patronise Massage, and Dr. M. will be brought out as a Company, entitled, the *Massagères Impériales*.

FOREIGN TO OUR HABITS.—The Brave General, like Brer Fox, is "layin' low." This is wise generalship, but he would do well to advise any of his hot-tempered followers not to go about with revolvers in their pockets. When M. ROCHEFORT presented the weapon at M. PILOTELLI, why did not the latter, who is a well-known black-and-white artist, draw and defend himself?





“POOR LITTLE BILL!”

MASTER SMITH (to MASTER DE WORMS). “I SIAY, HENERY, WE CAN’T CARRY ‘IM ANY FURTHER,—S’POSE WE DROP ‘IM!!”



## THE STAGGERED STIPENDIARY.

*A Police-Court Cantata—Written up to Date.*

*The Scene represents the interior of a Metropolitan Police Court towards three o'clock in the afternoon. A miscellaneous crowd of Witnesses in adjourned cases, Reporters, Policemen, Attorneys, Officials of the Court, and the general Public, who have been waiting the arrival of the Magistrate, who has not yet come, from ten o'clock in the morning discovered in the last stages of irritable impatience. As the Curtain rises, they join in the following general Chorus:—*

## GENERAL CHORUS.

HEAVENS! It is exasperating  
Thus to witness Justice scorning  
Public comfort! We've been waiting  
Quite from ten o'clock this morning.  
Now on three it's pretty near,—  
Yet his Worship is not here!

## WITNESSES.

Yesterday our case adjourning,  
To attend at ten he told us;  
Now at ten to-day returning,  
We discover he has sold us.

## OFFICIALS OF THE COURT.

Yes! and possibly to-morrow  
Of your case there'll be no clearance;  
For, we state the fact with sorrow,  
He mayn't put in appearance!

## ATTORNEYS.

Yet are we our clients fleecing  
Through extended litigations,  
And our modest costs increasing  
Much against our inclinations.

## POLICEMAN.

And the burglar we had brought here,  
Having tracked him out and traced him!  
Since the Beak, he ain't in Court here,  
It's a pity as we chased him!

## GENERAL CHORUS.

It's a pity! Yes, and shame, too,  
That the public thus should suffer,  
If our Beak we gave the name to  
We should christen him a "Duffer!"  
But Ha! 'tis on the stroke of three.

*[The door at the back of the Bench opens, and discloses The Magistrate.]*

And lo! he comes. It is! 'Tis he!

*[The Magistrate enters pale and trembling, and staggers in the direction of his official chair. All manifest great concern.]*

What's come to him? Ah! who can tell

THE MAGISTRATE *(smiling feebly)*.

I think, my friends, I am not well. *[Faints.]*

*[The Chief Clerk and a Chance Medical Man rush on to the Bench to his assistance.]*

CHANCE MEDICAL MAN *(feeling his pulse)*.

The cause of this collapse is plain:—

A patent case of over-strain!

Has anybody got some brandy?

THE CHIEF CLERK *(producing his flask)*.

I always have a little handy.

He's been so much like this of late.

*[They administer some to him and he gradually recovers.]*

THE MAGISTRATE *(cantabile)*.

Where am I?

GENERAL CHORUS *(con brio)*.

Here, at any rate!

And p'rape you'll confidence restore  
And say why you've not come before!

## THE MAGISTRATE.

Ah! you for explanations call.  
"Before"? Ask why I've come at all!  
Wouldst hear the tale of horror I could tell?

## GENERAL CHORUS.

We would! your tale of horror likes us well.

## THE MAGISTRATE.

## Ballad.

Now when first I accepted this post  
I considered myself very lucky,  
And I think, and I don't want to boast,  
When I tackled my work I felt plucky.  
But when five of my colleagues fell ill,  
And their work fell to me and one other,  
We but feared, when their place we would fill,  
That the task would our faculties smother!  
And our fear has proved right, for however  
you strive,  
You can't get out of two the hard work  
meant for five!

Take to-day. I've not had any rest,  
And have flown without halting or stopping  
With a feeling of infinite zest  
Straight from Southwark to Greenwich and  
Wapping.

And though, here at Wandsworth I wait,  
And to you for a moment am speaking,  
I perceive, as it's now getting late,  
I must shortly be Hammersmith seeking.  
But it all proves no use, for however you  
strive, [meant for five!]  
You'll not get out of two the hard work  
*(He rises)* and now I think, I must depart.

GENERAL CHORUS *(rushing forward)*.

Our patience surely this has earned:—  
And you will hear us ere you start?

*[The Magistrate totters feebly towards the door, and whispers to the Chief Clerk.]*

THE CHIEF CLERK *(confidentially addressing the Court)*.

He cannot stay! You're all adjourned!

*[The announcement is received with consternation, on hearing it all rush forward and join in the following finale:—]*

GENERAL CHORUS *(Anale)*.

Thus, again our case adjourning,  
Justice into jest he's turning!  
Yet he's helpless if he strive!  
For 'tis proved beyond negation,—  
Though some pence it saves the nation,—  
Two can't do the work of five!

*[At the close of the Chorus the back of the Court opens and reveals the HOME SECRETARY discovered slyly winking at the scene, while the Magistrate retires feebly from the Bench, and is assisted by two Constables and the Chief Clerk to a four-wheeled cab, in which he starts for Hammersmith, with a sickly smile, as the Curtain descends.]*

## New Gallery Guy'd.

No. 260. Obstinate Boy. "Shan't go home if I don't like."

No. 264. Quartette. So nice for the Lodgers in the next room.

No. 294. Some Relation of Ellen Terry's.

THE New Prince's Club was opened on Saturday last. Racquet and Tennis Courts, Turkish baths, Restauration, and club-rooms. Ought to be a big success, and likely to falsify the ancient proverb, "Put not your trust in Prince's." Very staid persons may not like to join on account of its being rather a racketty place.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SPORTING DISAPPOINTMENTS.—It was certainly most annoying to find, that after having lately invited five London friends to your "box" in the Highlands for the purpose of giving them a "fortnight's deer-stalking," there was only one stag in the neighbourhood, old and lame, and blind of one eye, and so tame that it hobbles up even to strangers, who call it "Jock," to which name it answers, and feed it from their hands with cakes and buns. It is no good trying to "stalk" this poor old creature, who probably is the pet of the whole neighbourhood, and would not understand being shot at in the least, though you might possibly scare him into a run with a dynamite cartridge or two. Your idea of meeting the difficulty in future, by hiring a South American bison from the Wild Beast Emporium in the Commercial Road, as a sort of *pis aller*, is not a bad one, but you must be careful, when the creature is once let loose from your premises that it does not catch sight of the railway omnibus horses, for should it happen to, it would be sure to go for them at once. With regard to the chances of your taking a fish in your salmon-run, we should think that, seeing the chemical works you mention have turned it sixteen miles both ways to a bright orange colour, and given it the consistency of starch, they would certainly be remote, and we would advise you to recommend your friends not to bring any tackle. Judging that your opportunities of giving them any sport whatever are, under the circumstances, likely to be limited, would it not be as well to avoid having them down at all, if you could by any means manage it? Think this out.

## AN UNAPPRECIATED GENIUS.

I'm seen at every Private View,  
No *Matinée*'s complete without me,  
And people whom I never knew  
Talk quite familiarly about me.  
With every post the cards pour in,  
At every crush my face is seen,  
A show-face on a show-body;  
And eager paragraphs appear  
About my movements all the year,  
And yet I'm really Nobody.

The madman of the master's pen  
Exulted in his hidden madness;  
The homage of my fellow-men  
Kindles my soul to kindred gladness.  
For Rank, with unexpressive eye,  
And vapid Fashion, collar'd high,  
And Beauty, in her low body,  
Pay ever-growing court to one  
Who stands at gaze to watch the fun,  
And knows that he is Nobody.

Oh, were I but an actor-wight,  
Or minnesinger sentimental,  
Or artist in a threadbare plight,  
Or ranter burdened by his rental!  
The social favours of my lot  
Might make a heart of ice wax hot,  
A snow-man's in a snow-body;  
But I—I simply go my way,  
No fame to reap, no bills to pay,  
An independent Nobody.

Mysterious Fate! I'm "taken up."  
Not even such a lot desiring;  
I dine, I dance, I flirt, I sup,  
*Fires cundo* still acquiring.  
I know that Fashion's mystic laws  
Would frank with equal lack of cause  
A rag-doll with a tow body;  
Yet, 'mid the "set's" exclusive joys,  
The thought my honesty annoys,  
That, after all, I'm Nobody!



## UN "CARR" D'HEURE IN THE NEW HALLÉRY GALLERY.



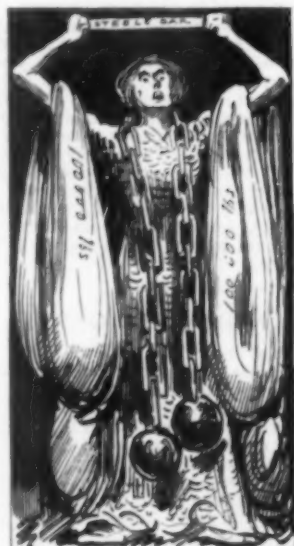
No. 14. Disgusted. Is a Soldier's life worth living? No.



No. 114. Prawn-sticking on highly trained Dolphins.



No. 84. The Earl of Stare, reciting. "Is this a dagger that I see before me?" while thinking to himself that his present glass eye feels very uncomfortable.



No. 110. Athletics. Strong Woman performing her tour de force.



No. 180. Siamese Twins bathing.



No. 42. "Shall I ask Jesse Collings to dinner or not?"



No. 55. Portrait of a Gentleman who has just thought of such a good Joke. "It seems to become funnier every minute," he says. [Bravo, Herkomer Junior!]



No. 59. "Aw—ya—as—aw— they're turn-over collars; but if I turned them up, Mr. G. wouldn't be in it with me." [Bravissimo, Herkomer Junior!]



No. 151. Pipe-and-Bird's-eye View of "Mr. G. Wills. Portrait of the Artist by himself"—and likely to remain so.



No. 10. Guilty or not Guilty?



No. 26. Portrait of John Tenniel, painted in lobster sauce. Ward next!!



No. 154. Poor dear gentle sufferer! she has got the gout so very badly in her left foot. Send for Sir Merry Andrew Clark, Pretty Dicky Quain, Burney Yeo Ho, and Robinson Roosoe!



No. 138. The New Summer Hat. "Very fine and rather too large."

**CUR ACITANT-GENERAL'S DIARY.**

ASKED down to Oxbridge, to give lecture on "Military Power of England." Gratifying to find this interest in Army among University Dons. Shouldn't have thought it of them. Not quite their line—to know much about my "Line"! Master of Belial (curious title) has invited me, and I know he's a tremendous Liberal. Never mind, *must* have a slap at GLADSTONE. Can't help it, though certainly rather difficult to work it into a military paper. Well received. Splendid old port in Common Room. Should like to bring in something about "old port" into lecture, but difficult in military subject.

Arrive at Sheldonian Theatre (why theatre? Don't like name: nothing theatrical about me) and find room crammed with Crammers, Tutors, Heads of Colleges, Proctors, Bull-Dogs, Professors, Dons and Undergraduates. Also women and citizens. My appearance (in full regimentals, which I've put on to overawe the Professors) seems to create some surprise. An officious Proctor hopes my sword clanking over pavement "won't injure the encaustic tiling."

At a certain point in my discourse, create fresh sensation by "offering my sword to my country." Country doesn't seem to want it just now, as nobody responds. Master of Belial edges his chair away from me nervously. Offer it instead to Vice-Chancellor, a quiet old gentleman who seems afraid of it. Asks me *sotto voce* to "put that nasty thing in the sheath." Shall I resent this as insult to Army, and run Vice-Chancellor through the body? Might do so if I were quite sure my sword wasn't of the patent pliable corkscrew pattern, and that I *could* run it through anything.

Tell audience that "I know more of war than anybody else in England." Don't add (as I might) that I know more about everything than anybody else in England, including history, sociology, law, and politics. Under-

**MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.**



**PARLIAMENTARY ATHLETICS.**

THE HONBLE. MEMBER FOR ST. PANCRAZ W. SUPPORTING THE WEIGHTS AND MEASURES BILL.

graduate a long way off shouts, "Bunkum!" Fix him with my eye. Undergraduate stares back. Fortunately a Bull-Dog catches sight of him, and seeing that he is out at night without cap and gown, makes for him. Undergraduate leaves hurriedly. Wish I could get something in about "the old port."

Now is my opportunity to give it 'em hot about Home-Rule! Nothing on earth to do with my subject—but here goes! Audience (among whom are a good sprinkling of sturdy Gladstonians) seem surprised. What a lark! Can't, in politeness, go out till I've finished, and they shift about on their seats uneasily, looking warm. Master of Belial pretends to have gone to sleep. Vice-Chancellor really *has* gone to sleep! End up with rattling peroration about Empire, and sit down amid cordial cheers. Audience seems relieved that it's over. Regret not finding opportunity for jocosely allusion to "the old port."

Go back to College with Master of Belial. Curious personage. I ask him how he thinks the lecture has gone; and he replies that the weather at Oxbridge has been rather rainy this Term. Is this the result of knowing too much Greek? Possibly my military remarks really Greek to him; but then, as he's Regius Professor of Language, that ought not to prevent his understanding them. And why did he ask the Military Authority down if he didn't want enlightenment?

Not treated so well when in College as I was before. No old port! Is this because I didn't mention it in lecture? Master asks me, "as a personal favour," to leave my sword in umbrella-stand, and to take off my spurs, as they "may catch in his carpets." When I begin to talk about politics, Master (Query—*de-ranged?*) goes off on to Soldiers' drill. Such bad taste. Wish he'd stick to his own subjects—as I always do! Though I wish I hadn't on this occasion, and then I could have lugged in a naval joke about "the old port."

**ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 13.—OLD MORALITY in fine form to-night. A great deal expected from him; came up to highest hopes. Opposition Benches crowded. Crisis been reached in career of Sugar Bill; what would the Government do? Would they abandon the Bill, and send the noble Baron to the Clock Tower, or would they stand by both, defy Opposition, and dare the Dissentients to desert them? LYON PLAYFAIR put momentous question. OLD MORALITY lightly approached table, and gazed benignly on eager faces watching him; Grand Old Man, most eager of all, with hand to ear, expectant.

"The Right Hon. Gentleman," said OLD MORALITY, "asks me whether—in compliance with the promise of the Government of the Eleventh of April, that before the Sixteenth of May the Government would fix a day on which they would propose to proceed with the Second Reading of the Sugar Convention Bill,—I will now state the day fixed. Before answering that question

and we have nothing to conceal from the House, wishing, indeed being desirous, to give all the information in our power, I would like to put a question to the Right Hon. Gentleman himself, whose authority on these matters the House and the Country gladly acknowledge. Does he know why a lump of sugar left at the bottom of the cup is so long in melting? The Right Hon. Gentleman shakes his head. Then, Mr. SPEAKER, I will tell him, believing as I do that there should always be a condition of perfect confidence between the House and Members on whichever side they sit. A lump of sugar left in the bottom of the cup prolongs the process of melting because, as it melts, it makes the tea around it heavier; and, so long as it remains at the bottom, is surrounded by tea fully saturated with sugar, in consequence of which the same portions of liquid will hold no more sugar in solution. That, Sir, is my answer to the Right Hon. Gentleman. I trust it will be satisfactory to him and to his friends, the Government having no other desire than to do their duty to the House, and, I may add, to the Country."

OLD MORALITY resumed his seat; face suffused with crimson tide of conscious virtue; murmured applause from Ministerialists; dead silence on Opposition Benches. LYON PLAYFAIR looked



"In maiden meditation fancy free."

at HARCOURT; HARCOURT folded his arms and looked meditatively at the toe of his boot; SPEAKER about to call on Orders, when Grand Old Man, bursting, as it were, through trance, pointed out that OLD MORALITY had not directly answered the question.

"The Right Hon. Gentleman," said OLD MORALITY, nodding pleasantly at him across the table, "is a little exigent. My remarks are in the recollection of the House. If there is any other information desired I shall be happy to give it. Being on my legs I may perhaps explain how it is that a piece of sugar held in a spoon at the top of our tea melts very rapidly. It comes about (so I have been advised) in the following way:—As the tea becomes sweetened it descends to the bottom of the cup by its own gravity, and fresh portions of unsweetened tea are brought constantly into contact with the sugar till the lump is entirely dissolved. I think I have now stated everything in connection with this interesting question that gentlemen seated in any part of the House can desire. If there is anything more that I could say on the subject I would do it, my only object, and that of my friends, being to keep the House fully informed as far as is compatible with our public duty."

"But the Sugar Bounty Bill?" Grand Old Man gasped. "You haven't mentioned it. Are we definitely to understand that the Government are going on with the Bill?"

"The Right Hon. Gentleman," said O. M., with a slight approach to a frown, "is definitely to understand that which I have stated to the House."

Loud cheers from Ministerialists, amid which G. O. M. subsided, and OLD MORALITY triumphantly brought in Bill to establish Board of Agriculture for Great Britain.

*Business done.*—Budget Bill read a Second Time. Naval Defence Bill through Committee. OLD MORALITY triumphant all along the line.

*Tuesday.*—At Evening Sitting, DILLWYN moved Resolution for Disestablishment of Church in Wales. House resuming at Nine. Debate must close at One in the morning. Of four hours allotted for whole debate, BYRON REED, a Yorkshire Member, moving the rejection of Motion, occupied over one fourth part.

"Always the same with Wales," said OSBORNE MORGAN, bitterly. "When the island was parcelled out, we were shoved into a corner, to begin with: been there ever since."

REED's stupendous Lecture (reserved seats one shilling, galleries free, programmes one penny each), rather cast damper over proceedings. Welsh Members in despair; popping up all round, trying to catch SPEAKER's eye. ABRAHAM, of the manly chest, naturally succeeded; gave fillip to proceedings by dropping into Welsh; on the platform is accustomed to vary oratorical attractions by a song; generally introduces, by way of peroration, a stave of "*March of the Men of Harlech*," "the Welsh Doxology," as WILFRID LAWSON calls it. Clearing his throat to-night for a song, when observed SPEAKER's eye sternly fixed upon him. In hurry of moment, lapsed into Welsh. Was replying to REED's statement that year by year the Church in Wales was waxing, and Nonconformity waning.

"*Machynlleth!*" he exclaimed, "*caer-neddau dolwyddellan*—"

"Order; Order!" cried the SPEAKER, evidently under apprehension that Hon. Member was using unparliamentary language. But ABRAHAM's Welsh blood up.

"*Llanymynech!*" he shouted, at the top of his voice, "*diganwy nantfrankon cedon dolbadarn castell-gysfarch, cric*—"

Never saw the SPEAKER so angry.

"I have warned the Hon. Member," he said, interrupting, in his sternest tones, "and if he persists in this line of conduct, I shall have no option in the course I shall be obliged to take."

Friends, gathering round ABRAHAM, pulled him down by coat-tails. RAIKES, with great presence of mind, interposed, commenced his speech, and what might have been awkward scene came to abrupt conclusion.

*Business done.*—DILLWYN's Motion rejected by 284 against 231.

*Thursday.*—SAGE of QUEEN ANN'S GATE brought OUR ONLY GENERAL up to BAR. The ONLY ONE has been speaking disrespectfully of Liberal Leaders. Particularly hints that in order to go back to Downing Street they would assist at dismemberment of British Empire. SAGE, who abhors strong language, thinks that going little too far. Drags OUR ONLY in by collar before Head Master STANHOPE. Head Master STANHOPE as severe as he dares. Says he is not able to defend indiscretion. ONLY ONE, digging

knuckles into right eye, and secretly winking left at Colonels below Gangway, whimpers apology.

"I wish," he said, "to withdraw anything I ever said which can give pain to anyone."

"That will do," said STANHOPE, "and now withdraw yourself."

ONLY ONE disappeared, and BRADLAUGH came on scene. B. taken British Constitution under his charge; moved Resolution, dissenting



Defender of the Constitution.

from Treasury Minute on Perpetual Pensions. HANBURY seconds Motion: GRANDOLPH sits and listens; longs to take part in fray, but there's the Marlborough Pension; true it is commuted and out of the way; but someone sure to mention it if they get opportunity; so GRANDOLPH lies low and says nuffin. Grand Old Man, fresher than ever, selects this opportunity of making one of his three speeches. Hour half-past seven; House crowded; just time to rush off and dress for dinner. Dr. CLARK appears on scene; House roared like den of lions with morning meal delayed.

"I wish to move"—says CLARK.

"Divide! Divide!" roars House.

"Sir"—

"Vide! 'vide!'"

"I wish"—

"Vide! 'vide! 'vide!'"

After five minutes' struggle CLARK announces his desire to move Amendment, that "all perpetual pensions shall cease with lives of present holders." House mollified by this delicious bull. Scotland beaten Ireland out of the field; Caithness first, Connemara nowhere. CLARK going along beautifully, when BRADLAUGH moves Closure. So House never learned how a pension that is perpetual shall cease at given epoch. *Business done.*—Budget Bill through Committee.

*Friday.*—HARCOURT had great triumph in House to-day. Have sometimes, perchance, in privacy of these memoranda, jotted down remarks lacking in due appreciation of this eminent man. There are some people, it is well known, who would speak disrespectfully of the Equator. All the more pleased, and ready to acknowledge success. Interposed on Third Reading of Naval Defence Bill; subject hammered away at for weeks; thrice-boiled colewort, a delicate, tasty entrée, compared with it. HARCOURT probably not intended to deliver speech. That proved a happy incident; no signs of preparation; no indications of impromptu fragrant with the breath of the New Forest; a good, rattling, bustling speech; blows hit straight out from shoulder; told all round; so exhilarated Opposition, that they couldn't be brought to agree to Third Reading, which stood over.

"If it's the duty of an Opposition to oppose, must say HARCOURT did his work brilliantly to-day," said CHARLIE BRERESFORD, the "Sweet little cherub who sits up aloft," to whom HARCOURT had alluded as responsible for Admiralty change of front.

*Business done.*—Miscellaneous.

### Between the Cup and the Lip.

THE Anti-Perpetual-Pensioners' plan Seemed ripe. Yes, the hour had come, and the man! But they found it a sell; and that GOSCHEN was in it. The hour *had* come—and the (Treasury) Minute! That made all the difference. Oh, shame and pity, That a Treasury Minute should swamp a Committee!

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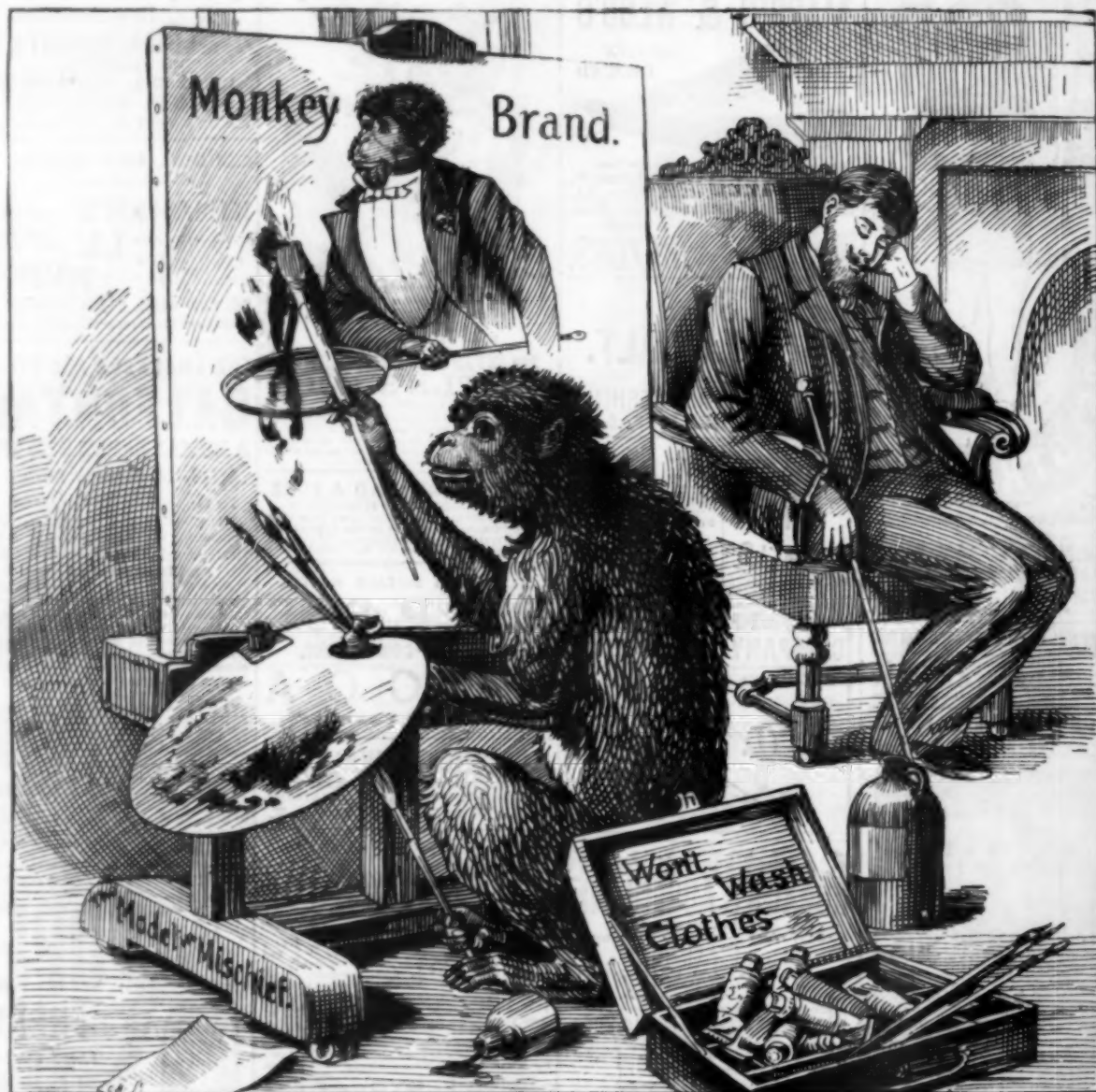
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